

The Shepheards delight
To the tune of Frog galian

A pleasant new Ballad of DAPHNE.
To a new Tune.



Op ponder hill there springs a flower
faire befall those dainty sweetes:
And by that flower there stands a bowler,
Where all the heavenly Muses meets.
And in that Bowler there stands a chaire,
fringed all about with golde,
And therein sits the fairest face,
that euer did mine eyes behold.

It was Philida faire and bright,
and the shepheards onely ioy:
She whom Venus did most spight,
and the blinded little boy.
It was she the wisest rich,
whom all the World did ioy to see,
It was Ipe qui the which,
there was none but only shee.

Thou art the shepheards Quene,
pitty me thy wofull swaine,
For by thy vertue hath been sen
dead men restorde to life againe.
Looke on me with thy faire eyes,
one smiling loke and I am gon:
Looke on me for I am he,
thy poore afflicted Coridon.

Dead am I to all delights,
except thy mercy quicken mee:
Graunt oh Quene or else I die,
a Psalmie for this my melody.
The while we sing with chearefull noise
Wood Nymphes & Satyres al may play
With siluer sounding Musickes voyce,
reioysing at this happy day.

FINIS.

W. T.

When Daphne from fair Phebus did
the West wind most sweetly die,
Did blow in her face:

Her skin scarce scarce shadowed her eyes,
The gods crye O pittie, & held her in chafe:
Stay Symph, stay Sympherie Apollo,
Lary and turne thee, sweet Symph stay,
I on noz Tyger do the follow.
turne thy faire eyes and looke this way,
O turne, O pretty sweet,
And let our red lips meet:
Pitty O Daphne, pittie O pittie me,
pitty O Daphne pittie me.

She gaue no care vnto his crye,
But still did neglect him the more he did mone
He still did entreate, she still did deny:
And earnestly prates him to leane her alone,
Peuer, neuer cries Apollo,
Unlesse to loue thou doe consent,
But still with my voyce so hollow,
I le crye to thee while life be spent,
But if thou turne to me,
I will praise thy felicity,
Pitty O Daphne, pittie O pittie me,
pitty O Daphne pittie me.

Away like Venus doone she flies,
The red blood her buskins did run all adown
Her plaintife Loue she now denies,
Crying, helpe, helpe Diana, & saue my renou
Wanton, wanton lust is neare me,
Would and chaste Diana heare,
Let the earth a virgin beare me,
or deuoure me quicke a maid.
Summer pure heard her pray,
And eke turnde her to a Bay,
Pitty O Daphne, pittie O pittie me,
pitty O Daphne pittie me.

Amazed stood Apollo then,
When he beheld Daphne turnd as she desired
Accursed am I aboue Gods and men,
With griefe & laments my senses are tired,
Farewell false Daphne most unkind,
My loue is buried in this graue,
Long haue I sought loue, yet loue could not
Wherefore this is my Epithite, (finde,
This tree doth Daphne couer,
That neuer pittied Louer,
Farewell false Daphne that would not pittie
no, be my Loue, yet art thou my tree. me,

FINIS.

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